Ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II.—No. 83.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1885. [ONE PENNY.

A COW AND 3 ACRES FOR ALLY.

"Since Poor Pa has become Prime Minister of England, it has dawned on him that his brain is not as clear as it might be; so, to freshen up, he has taken a Country Seat, where we have had a gay old time lately."

[EXTRACT FROM TOOTSIE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

HOW SOME PLACES GOT THEIR NAMES.—No. VIII.

1. KING'S CROSS (Middlesex).—One of the Saxon kings lost his temper one day, because he missed the last train at the Great Northern. For generations after the spot was held sacred where the *king* was *cross*. Hence the name.

2. EARL'S COURT (Middlesex).—The Earl of Hammersmith was thought to be proof against Love's arrows, but the Countess of Brompton extracted from him a confession of love one day at Fulham. The place is called *Earl's caught* to this day.

3. BAKER STREET (Middlesex) is a corruption of *Baker's treat*. King Alfred, after his adventure with the cakes, set the good woman and her husband up in business here, and the *baker* used to give a *treat* to the poor of the neighbourhood annually.

4 TOOTING (Surrey), so named on account of a spectre flute-player, nicknamed the *Tooting ghost*, who was supposed formerly to frequent this spot.

FATAL TROUSERS.

NEXT Sunday, if you take a walk through Putney Park Lane, from the Barnes end, have a look at the first building you come to on the left-hand side. It is the stable in which Daniel Good, in April, 1842, murdered his sweetheart, Jane Jones, and where he afterwards cut up his unfortunate victim; and in a coach-house adjoining, burnt the head and limbs.

My friend, Mr. Chasemore, tells me that up to twenty-five years ago, Cornish, one of the toll keepers on Putney bridge, was in the habit of wearing a large, warm, coachman's coat; that one night, passing hastily by, Good had thrown to him, asking him to keep it till he returned.

Good never did return, for he passed, later on, through Calcraft's hands, and was choked to death outside Newgate Prison.

It was his desire to unlawfully appropriate a pair of trousers that brought him to grief, combined, it may be added, with a somewhat pronounced weakness for female society. He had a wife alive, an old woman known by the name of "old Molly Good," who kept a stall in Spitalfields, and whom he had deserted. Jane he had beguiled with false promises of marriage, and when he murdered her he was engaged to be married to another young woman. A child by another wife of Good's was living with Jane, in a lodging taken for them by Good. To the young woman (Lydia Susannah), whom he was to have married,

had not the judge and Calcraft interfered, he had promised quantity of Jane's old clothes and a new mangle.

This was when he was thinking of getting rid of Jane, whom he spoke of as already dead. Good, himself, was over fifty.

One Saturday night Jane left her lodging, a kitchen at 18, Southampton Street, Manchester Square, to keep an appointment with Good, and she was seen in his company in Barnes, and on Sunday traced to the stable.

A day or two after this, Good called in a chaise at the shop of Mr. Collingbourn, pawnbroker, of Wandsworth, bought, on credit, a pair of black knee-breeches; and was observed by the shop-boy to conceal under his coat a pair of trousers he had taken off the counter. The pawnbroker followed him out but Good, denying the charge, drove off. A policeman, the shop-boy, and a neighbour gave chase.

Good lived in the stables in Putney Park Lane, which were about a quarter of a mile from his master, Mr. Shell's house, and, arriving there, they found Good, who denied that he had the trousers, on which they commenced a search, in spite of Good's efforts to prevent them

In one of the stalls, under some hay, the policemen found what at first he took to be part of a pig; but the shop-boy cried out "It's the body of a woman!"

Good waited no more. Whilst they stood stunned with horror and amazement; he slipped noiselessly away, locked the stable-door, a very strong one, on the outside, and made, with all speed, for Putney Bridge.

The medical evidence at the trial went to prove that Jane Jones was about twenty-five years of age. In another stall the searchers found a heavy axe and a saw covered with blood. The place looked like a slaughter-house.

When, at length, they broke open the stable-door, by the aid of a pitch-fork, they proceeded to a coach-house, where they found some charred bones, the remains of the head and limbs that had been burnt.

Good first took refuge with his wife, "old Molly," but the police arriving there (stupidly enough in uniform), Good, suspecting their errand, contrived to escape. He was at last recognized at Tunbridge Wells, and taken in custody. At his trial he stated that Jane was jealous of Lydia Susannah, and in consequence committed suicide by cutting her throat. A man who called sometimes at the stable to sell matches, suggested that the body should be cut up, and did cut it, on Good's paying him a sovereign. The mysterious match man was nowhere to be found, so they thought to hang Good was good enough.

* * * * * *

"It don't say what became of the trousers, does it?" said Alexandry.

A smile flitted o'er the noble countenance of his gifted companion.

"That's easy to guess," replied Blood Stained Bill. "The bobby nailed them while the boy and the other chap were looking at the corpse."

(*Next week, Bishop the Burker.*)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

***** Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest.**

W. SYMES (Bradshaw's Guide).—*Sorry we have no space for your lines.*—F. W. WATKINS (St. Agnes' Club, Bristol).—*You plead your case admirably, and* ALLY *is sorry to disappoint you; but, plainly speaking, you have done nothing to entitle you to the* "Award of Merit."—G. THOMPSON (Kennington Park).—*Tootsie's love to your wife, and if she goes on like that we shall have to put her on the staff of the* "HALF-HOLIDAY." *Anyhow, here is Miss Sloper's Portrait.*—A. BIDWELL (Brighton).—*Thanks for recipe for waterproofing coats. If* ALLY *ever loses his Gingham again, he thinks it not at all unlikely that he may avail himself of your tip in some way or other.*—J. HOWEY (Southampton).—*Thanks for potato, in form like the Immortal* ALLY. *The only thing against it, is, there is not enough nose.*—"GAR" (Greenwich).—*Sorry we have no room for your touching* "Incident in the Life of the Mahdi."—MULVY OUSELEY (T. R. Longton).—*Tootsie's love, and she must look in the first time she's your way.*—CAPTAIN J SHAW (Carnarvon).—*The umbrella you saw floating by the Menai Bridge, in all probability was* ALLY'S. *You ought to have secured it at any price, and sent it to the Eminent.*—N. PAGGETT (Yarmouth).—ALLY'S *love, and* Yellow Boys *mean sovereigns. The Eminent wishes he had a few at this moment.*—"A GOOD LITTLE GIRL" (Manchester).—ALLY *is glad to get your letter; he always was fond of Barmaids—he loves* YOU *dearly.*—B. WOODMAN (Kirkby Rectory, Mansfield).—*It was a mistake on our part; thanks for pointing out error.*—ALFRED DOODY (Stourbridge).—*Tootsie's love, and she's very sorry for you; but under existing circumstances she can say nothing.*—A. WALTON (Battersea).—*The Dook Snook regrets that the five stamps you sent towards the* "Umbrella Fund" *had all been used, probably it was an oversight on your part.*—OLD JOSSER (Manchester)—*The* "Adamson Waltz" *was composed by Joseph Renshaw in honour of the Manchester Ship Canal scheme.*—D. D. GOODBOURN (Margate).—THE FAMILY *feel highly honoured at the compliment paid them in the Margate Carnival of the 5th November.*—CAPTAIN MCDONALD (Stroud Green).—*Dash it all, we can't use that.*—ANON (Dublin).—ALLY *begs to thank you for your kind advice, re the* Venus de Medici, *which he will follow for the future.*—H. NORRIS (Manchester).—*No room for* "A Little Sell."—J. WHITE (Pontefract).—*Cannot insert* "Glory, glory, ALLY SLOPER;" *thanks all the same.*—A READER (Mid Devon Division).—*You want to know too much; you must read* "A. SLOPER'S Manifesto," *published November 21st.*—FLAUTO DE MAGICO (Charing Cross Hotel).—*The comb is not* ALLY'S, *there's some little mistake*—J. R. D.—*Very clever indeed.*—P. THOMPSON (Kennington Park).—ALLY, *with all respect, thinks you are mistaken.*

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******* *The List will close this day,* SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28TH.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

YOU know, of course, Lord Bob has a lot of country seats—twenty-seven in all—besides his three town-houses, his bedroom at the club chambers in the Albany, and second-floor back in Whitechapel. Well, he has bought another place. I call it a monomania, but he says he likes to be at home wherever he is. This time he has picked up an estate called Marwood Manor. The name gave the Countess a notion: "Have the family portraits down, and call the room the Chamber of Horrors," said she, "and get a hanging committee to fix up your ancestors; and look here, old sonny, let's have a short drop of something now on the strength of it."

***

ONE of the arguments used by supporters of the Co-operative Stores is that a purchaser always gets good weight as well as good value for money. This is doubtless true; but there is one thing of which the managers of the Stores might well give a little more, and that is—attention. "Civility costs nothing," the proverb says. That being so, it would seem to be about the most profitable kind of commodity which one could possibly deal in.

FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 83.—"The General Election" Costume.

MORE ILLUMINATIONS.
The first London gas lamp (Golden Lane, 1807). Excitement of the populace. ALLY wonders what they would have thought of the electric light.

A kind of wild dog that may always be seen at the Manchester November Handicap.

ON THE SCENT.
Peeler. 'Ullo, I think I hear kissing a-going on t'other side of the wall. This is lucky; I ain't had a case lately."
[*But it was only little Pimpleby, who couldn't get his new pipe to draw.*

Pinker. I daresay you know my name—Pinker—Alonzo Pinker?
Robinson (with exasperating indifference). Oh! I thought you were dead.

ADDRESSING HIS ELECTORS.
"Gentlemen, I have been a teetotaler all my life. It agrees with me." [*Glad to hear it.*

ONE afternoon, a young man of remarkably short stature, but who made up for his diminutive size by an inordinate length of tongue, was annoying the doctor very much by boasting of his feats of equestrianism. Johnson knew perfectly well that they were purely imaginary, but he waited his opportunity, which at length arrived. "By-the-bye, I am going down next week to ride with the Pytchley," observed the braggart; "can any of you tell where I can pick up a good useful mount?" "Yes, sir," replied the doctor, swelling out as he generally did when about to crush anybody; "if you walk down to the East-end of the town, you will find a sausage maker who sells German sausages. One sausage will contain quite as much of a horse as you will be able to manage; and you may be certain that it will be well broken, although perhaps a little peppery." The young man was silenced, and shortly afterwards took his departure.

***

"THE deceased," read Aunt Berrengaria, "when on board the vessel from which he ultimately committed suicide, was remarkable for nothing save the possession of a strong Cork brogue." "Dear me," said the old lady, shifting her spectacles, "What a pity he hadn't it about him when he went over the side!"

***

How can it be otherwise, under the circumstances? In an advertisement column the other day we noticed that twenty-four out of twenty-seven applicants had advertised for PLAIN Cooks! Are there so many *plain* women in London? Are there so many in England? Or we might go further still: Are there so many in the world? Without hesitation we answer NO, and if any reader has any doubt upon the subject let him attempt to solve the question by personal application amongst his female friends and relatives.

***

A JOURNAL which is unwearied in its efforts to bring before the public forgotten but important truths bearing upon life and health, has been teaching people how to clothe themselves in winter, by pointing out that the Polar bear always wears a white coat, and consequently that human beings should sport white coats, too, when the thermometer gets down to freezing point. This is perhaps true as far as it goes. But what will happen when the unfortunate Londoner, arrayed *à la* Polar bear, goes out into his native streets, and comes home in a variegated costume of Polar whiteness and London "black"-ness? Surely the new winter costume, advocated by our professional contemporary, would be, under these circumstances, somewhat of a speckle-ation!

***

"HE's got 'em on," the song says; still,
Is it behaviour very ill
To sport a coat and trousers new?—
I only know I've got too few;
My clothes are going down the hill,
My tailor wants his little bill,
And at my bank my credit's *nil*;
They'll never say, when me they view,
"He's got 'em on!"
But yesterday, with Uncle Will,
As we were coming from the mill,
To this fond hope I bade adieu,
A man cried out (an old clo' Jew),
"He'd those last year, I'll swear, and still
He's got 'em on!"

***

HERE'S something I just heard from Lord Joe. The last night he was in town he was talking with Charley Porchester, Jack Burlington, Bob Belgrave, and all that set you know about their mutual friend J—— B——. "He's an awfully good sort," said Charley, "but he's too popular-worded fond of dogs." "Well, yes," said Jack, "that's what I think, and hang his dogs." "You're jolly well right there," cried Bob, cutting in, "I've been humbugged with one of 'em for the last three months." "Have you?" said Charley. "Well, so have I—in fact, I have for six months at least, and had to keep it at my own expense." "Vaccinate me next Sunday," roared Bob, "if I haven't had close on nine months of it with a beast of a dog he left with me, and promised to take away next day." "Left a dog with you to take care of!" "Yes." "And one with me too." "And another with me." "The deuce!" "The dickens!" "Did I understand that you were talking of J—— B——?" asked a young fellow, rising up from behind a newspaper, very pale and trembling. "Yes, you did," said Charley. "He left one with me too," said the stranger, "and has left it over a year, and I've just been summoned and fined for keeping it without a license." I believe J—— B—— keeps a whole pack round about in the same style. He's awfully fond of dogs.

***

A LITTLE HELP, &c.—It is asserted that the Lady Help movement—which is to substitute an able assistant for the orthodox upper servant—is obtaining a sure, though it may be a very gradual, hold upon the public favour. If so, one of the most frequent complaints from much-worried matrons, that the moment a servant becomes skilled and useful, she goes off and gets married, will be made much less often. And yet, when you come to think of it, this tendency to matrimony is quite a reasonable state of affairs. An upper servant should have a natural affinity for the *high-menial* altar.

***

AT an ordinary one day the conversation turned upon a certain Member of Parliament who had kicked a well-known journalist, whom he had surprised in the act of kissing his—the M.P.'s—wife. Some took one side, and some the other, when Johnson observed, "It is perfectly natural, gentlemen, if you will but consider for a moment. The journalist was enjoying the 'freedom of the Press,' and the Member of Parliament put his foot down upon it, and caused a division in the house. The journalist was an obstructionist, but was forced into the lobby." "I wonder if the lady's maid was a 'teller'?" whispered Boswell. "Sir," said Johnson, who hated anything he had said being capped, "you are a fool! Being a woman, she would naturally occupy the position of speaker?"

***

GIRLS WITH—Blue eyes *never* languish,
Black eyes *never* stare;
Pretty feet and ankles
Short thingamies *won't* wear.
White teeth *never* laugh, or
White hands *never* play
With tiny ears or hair, which
Will get in the way.
Waists are *never* nipp'd in,
Busts *may not* be shown,
Noses *never* dipp'd in
Water of Cologne.
Sweet tones *seldom* talk loud,
Powder's *never* used;
Fact is, pretty girls now
Are very much abused.

***

EXTRAORDINARY things have been done during the shooting season on the Moors, by all accounts. But one of the most astonishing has not yet found its way into print. That eminent *littérateur*, A. SLOPER, T.O.E., &c., has been doing great things—he says so himself, and his veracity is never questioned (it would be quite useless). ALLY, in the course of the day, singled out a bird, fired, and missed it. Quick as thought he fired again with the other barrel, and hit the bird in the exact spot where he had missed it before!

***

HERE is an American story which Sir Eustace told at the Earl's a few nights ago. When he was travelling in the States he had on some occasion to take passage in one of the many small schooners which ply along the coast. The skipper had been shipwrecked a short time before at some outlandish place in the West Indies, five-and-twenty miles from anywhere, and it was necessary for him to get over that distance to obtain assistance. He borrowed a horse, but not being used to riding, had some difficulties in starting, but at last got well under weigh as he expressed it. "Five miles from where I got aboard that blessed animal," said he, "there was a turn in the road which I had been warned against. Wa'al the old hoss had been accustomed to travel that turn—and I hadn't—and the darned old beast he went right up that turn—and I didn't."

TOOTSIE ON AFTERNOON TEA.

"Now stir the fire," says Mr. Cowper (pronounced Cooper if you please), "and close the shutters fast. Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round, and while the bubbling and loud hissing urn, throws up a steamy column and the cups that cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each, so let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Billy tackles the Gentle Muffin.

Cowper was, as most well-regulated girls may have heard mentioned, a poet, and appears according to his portraits, always to have worn a nightcap, probably, that is what poets always do. *Lord Bob is not a poet!*

That is to say—well, of course——There! anyhow, I don't mean what you mean; if you don't believe me, ask him whether he does wear a nightcap.

In Australia they still drink a lot of green tea. Prussic acid has been obtained from the leaves in so concentrated a form, that one drop once killed a dog right off.

"A strong infusion of Souchong tea, sweetened with sugar," Aunt Higgins says, "is effectual in poisoning fl**s."

You ought not to scald the teapot because the aroma escapes. If you make it for yourself, pour the boiling water over it and off again in two minutes. Don't coddle your tea.

A gentleman named Raynal says that the use of tea has "contributed more to the sobriety of the Chinese than the severest laws, the most eloquent discourses, or the best treatises on morality." I never understood the Chinese were a very moral nation, but if they are it's all right.

Mr. Mayo says that tea does harm on account of the unnecessary quantity of fluid consumed with it. The consumption of the whole civilized world, exclusively of England, was in 1830, according to a report, about 22,000,000; while the annual consumption in Great Britain was 30,000,000. I suppose there is even a good lot more drunk nowadays.

Tootsie Mashes the Upper Ten.

Sloe, liquorice, ash-tree, and liquorice leaves are used to adulterate tea.

In a well-known book by Mr. Charles Dickens, I have read how the spirits, from motives of delicacy, Mrs. Gamp kept in a tea-pot, and how it produced simultaneously with two wine-glasses, from that moment symptoms of inflammation began to lurk in the nose of Sairy and of Betsy Prig.

And this really is all I know about tea itself, of which Ma brings me up a cup with a crumpet or toast every morning.

Many people drink tea, but not always at the same hour. Of late years fashionables, and make-believe fashionables (mostly the latter), have gone in for five o'clock or afternoon tea. I fancy it is dying out, and I don't wonder at it. I went to one the other afternoon. Poor Pa was invited, and, as you may guess, readily accepted. Bob, Billy, and the Dook were all there also.

I rather fancy Billy ought not to have eaten quite as much as he did. It would be impossible for any one to say how many muffins and crumpets he positively stuffed down; anyhow, he's been ill ever since. The man-servant seemed to be taking such an interest in Poor Papa—who, I will admit, was a little peculiar — that he tripped and spilt a lot of hot tea over the Dook, and made him very limp (but, for that matter, serve him right) and wretched.

Bob was, as usual, extremely disagreeable, and absurdly jealous of one or two young fellows who happened to say a few civil words to me.

A Little too Warm or the Dook.

He seemed to take exception to poor Papa reading selections from his "*Manifesto*," which you know has created a positive *furore* throughout the country. If Bob goes on like this I shall cease to go out with him Next week we thought of all going to the opening of the New Pavilion, and very naturally poor Pa wants to come too. It's too bad of Bob.

LOOK OUT FOR

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LADY MARY.

How well I remember that evening! "Allow me, Lady Mary, to introduce my friend, Captain Dashwood, First Life."

"May I have the ar—pleasure—ar—next waltz?" I had the pleasure, which was repeated five times the same evening.

I was living in a great state of splendour and impecuniosity—had the whole of the first floor, and passed for a millionaire at least; but when I met Lady Mary I was reduced to my last "monkey." When that was gone, I felt I should be like that noble animal often is—"up a tree."

I inquired at the bar. She was an heiress. Enough. We waltzed and looked upon the moon. I sighed. She, after great exertion, blushed. I exclaimed, "Mary, tell me how to woo thee" At least, I only got as far as "Mary," when she reposed her head on my manly chest, and I noticed that a considerable portion of her blush came off on my coat; but, no matter, she was mine.

She said, "Yes;" and, "Charles, will you always love me when the bloom has faded from my cheek?" I thought it was in a fair way to fade at once if she kept it against my shoulder much longer.

I hurried on the day. My love and my impecuniosity were such that I couldn't wait.

The day arrived; she gave me her hand, and I gave my last sov. to the sexton.

"At last, my darling, you are mine!" I exclaimed; "and, Mary, by the way, I have just used my last cheque; will you mind paying the bill until I get a new book to-morrow?"

"My love," she replied, "I can't pay my own."

"What! Then you are not an heiress!"

"And you are not a millionaire?"

* * * * * *

We made a mutual agreement not to prosecute for bigamy, and since then we have not met.

IN CHURCH.

VERY arduous to behave is;
Let me take a glance about:—
By the jacket and the hat a *rara avis*,
Past a doubt.

Far as I can see she lacks few
Of the graces of perfection,
Should the features corresponding to the back's view
Pass inspection.

And the sloping of the shoulder
From the slender shapely neck
Makes you long to come behind her and to hold her
Just a sec'.

And the cheek looks without rival,
Yet its line seems somehow such,
I could fancy that the nose turned up a trifle,—
Nothing much.

Scarce an English girl in ten does
Quite escape having a pug.
Ah! she's turning. Now the deities defend us
What a mug!

THE PROUD PIG.

THERE was a lot of us, and one more than there was room for.

This, though you may not have heard it before, is the invariable rule among pig families. There is always an odd pig out that nature has made no provision for.

The farmer looked us over, and selected her, our youngest sister, as the prettiest and most likely pig of the whole lot, and the loudest squealer far away, and took her away from mamma, and gave her to another lady pig in the next stye, who had overlain two or three of her own babies, to bring up.

Well, the other lady pig brought up our youngest sister till she was old enough to look after herself, and then the farmer put her in a stye alone, and did nothing else all day but feed her. Lawks a me! (I can't help swearing), how we other pigs used to grunt at her through the bars! When we were two months old she weighed double of anyone of us, and she was that haughty, too, turning up her nose at us all, even her poor mother, who used to look on us with tears in her eyes to see such unfilial conduct, and such a waste of good food.

In a month or two more she began to get an enormous size, and then grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until, at last, she was so hideously fat there wasn't a feature of her visible but her cheeks. "Oh, Leonora!" we exclaimed in chorus (she had been christened Leonora), "what can induce you to make such an awful sight of yourself?" "It's a judgment," said mamma. At length, one day the rumour reached us that she was going up to London to be made a show of—that she was going to be a prize pig.

How the rest of us lean and hungry wretches did grunt! "She, too!" cried ma, with a derisive wag of her tail (ma's tail was dreadfully short—not much bigger than a button—but she could wag it most derisively when her blood was up). "She, too! Whilst you, my eldest born, are treated like dirt." The progress of our younger sister to the great metropolis was positively triumphal. She was decked with ribbons, and the farmer's son played "The Conquering Hero" on the cornet.

A fortnight elapsed. Ha! ha! She returned. Ha! ha! ha! She had not got a prize at all. They don't give prizes to over-fed pigs as they used to do. Ha! ha! ha! ha! She was at once killed, and she made bad bacon. *We* are being *fed* on different principles. Yesterday the farmer came and looked at us with a disparaging expression. To-day a large sausage machine arrived. What's that for, I wonder?

"GUY FAWKES" COMPETITION.

£1:1:0 *and the* "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" *has been given to*

FRED HARVEY, 20, PINDER STREET, HULME, MANCHESTER

for the best Original Verse, in 4 lines (printed hereunder.)

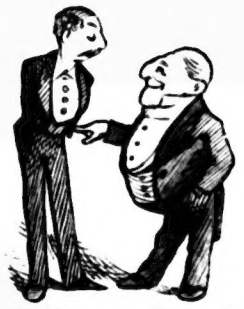
NOVEMBER 5TH.

PISTOLS cracking, rockets flying, pin wheels hissing on each door,
Blood-Stained Bill and Alexandry welt'ring to the eyes in gore;
Vieing in the deeds of daring born of each prolific brain,
Making little Pandemonium of "The Sloperies" in Shoe Lane.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT.

I WAS once a happy, simple girl—too simple, perhaps, but very happy.

I had passed the greater part of my young life amidst fields and flowers (brick and sun). Then the glittering brilliancy of a London season tempted me, and Aunt Portico (relict of Sir Boulder Portico) called me to her arms, and I plunged into a vortex of wild dissipation—dancing, teas, oratorios, and Moore & Burgess.



A little fat common old man was talking to him.

I felt that a new world was opening before me, and that I was the observed of all observers. My heart beat wildly as I moved through the glittering throng (at the Licensed Victuallers' Ball), and mingled with the *crème de la crème*.

Alas!

Once I was a child of nature, with a deep and unutterable belief in almost anything—Guppy's spiritualistic gymnastics, Tupper's profound philosophy, Ouida's pictures of society, the jokes in the comic papers, and the criticisms in the newspapers.

Alas! But I anticipate.

Lady Boulder gave a dinner, and I met at it Alphonzo Windibanks, the awfully popular and dreadfully wicked poet. I had panted to know him. I had read all his works, and, as much as I could understand, I thought to be simply sublime—with a Satanic sublimity which was horribly wrong and delicious.

Before I saw him I loved him. Alas!

He was pointed out to me at the other end of the room. He was young and beautiful, and had a noble mien. A little, fat, common old man was talking to him, digging him in the ribs, and telling him some stupid joke. How I pitied him (my poet) and how I could have smacked him (the little, common old man)!

Presently I was introduced, and he took me down to dinner. I hung upon his every word, and gazed into his deep blue orbs. He said he

I was introduced.

was jolly fond of oyster patties, and asked if I was also. I said "Yes," and led him on to literary subjects. I told him how I adored his poems. He said, "Do you really? Lor!"

I felt a little disheartened, but when he had done his patties (he ate TWO) I spoke to him again. He said, "Do you ever read the *Pandemonium*?"

"A dreadfully cruel, unjust paper!" I cried; "I saw a horrible review there of your book of ballads. How unjust! how envious! how mean! He said you had no genius."

"He said I could not write grammatically."

"And that your pathos was all twaddle. How infamous! Such a man ought to be killed."

"Do you really think so, now?" he said; "perhaps that's the way he gets his living."

"Get his living that way!" I exclaimed; "I would rather die."

I felt a little disheartened.

"I wouldn't, though," said the poet; "it was I who wrote it. I do the poetry for reputation's sake, you know, but it doesn't pay. I keep the pot a-boiling by noticing books—my own and other fellows. Do you like larks? Have this little brown cove here, and a bit of toast."

CHARITY COVERETH, &c., &c.

I WAS, as nearly as I can remember, four months, three days, and some odd hours old, when, after my nurse had administered to me a teaspoonful of soothing lotion, I said, in a grateful tone, to the surprise of all, "Bless you, old girl!"

This was the first symptom I ever showed of that characteristic which has followed me through life.

As a child, I divided my toys with other children; as a boy, my cake and jam with my schoolfellows. I even "went halves" with another youth in the matter of my parents. On reaching manhood, I gave myself away to Mrs. B. (I don't think now she properly appreciated the sacrifice), and continued my works of charity, blessed by crossing-sweepers, tramps, and beggars of every order and denomination. Why, then, this change? It was thus:—

At the bottom of the lane leading to my suburban retreat stood a man advanced in years, "his flowing locks waved o'er his aged brow"—(two brows, in fact). That man was—according to a printed board suspended round his neck—paralysed at the early age of twenty. For eighteen months he had been relieved by me at the rate of half-a-crown a week, and he bore his affliction and the relief with true Christian-like fortitude. One day—pardon me a moment whilst I dash a tear from my eye—having given the old man his money and turned the corner of the street out of his sight, it occurred to me that I had left some important papers on the breakfast-table; retracing, therefore, my steps, I came upon my paralysed friend talking to another gentleman of his profession.

Having his back towards me, he did not see me; but when I was close behind him, he said to his friend, in a tone of voice very different from his usual afflicted one, at the same time handing him over the inscribed board,—

"*Here, Jimmy, old pal, catch hold of the blooming label: I want to get a drain*," and away he *ran*, without the slightest sign of forty years' paralysis, to the public-house over the way.

And this is life!

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT NEXT, EVEN FROM SCOTLAND—OR MIDLOTHIAN.

Tonald, M.P. (finding himself returned rather unexpectedly for Shoemakerborough). Did I not tell ye I should wun by sticking to onbelief? But, confoond their nicety, they wull mak me don they trews before I tak my seat.

Tonald.—Good Lurty (called up in the midd e of making a haggis). I dinna ken mickle abont your beliefs or onbeliefs; but dinna desert the KILT!

THE NEW RULES OF BILLIARDS.

Ally doesn't mind the rules, if the players are like th'

SOME "CRACK" SHOTS.

"'Ere yer are, gents, twenty-four nuts for every bull's-eye.

TRAPPED.

Old Snifter. What the deuce do they leave these things about for? It's most awkward.

A NOBBY ONE, AND NO MISTAKE.

HUNTSMEN BOYCOTTED.

Farmer. No admittance! *Over*, if you like, but not *through*. I wunna have my Fences spoiled by a lot of Sheep going through one Hole.

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.

Mr. Bull. Now, then, young 'un, I'll toss you whether you come over or not.

Pity our poor artist! This is the portrait of one who has been obliged to go out lately sketching from Nature.

PARSING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Potential mood, past tense.—I might, could, would, or should love, only——

IN THE STALLS.

The lady who HAS come dressed, and who looks on the British Matron as a regular right down geeser.

DETECTED.

Ladies (together). Well, good-bye, dear; good-bye. *(Are about to kiss, when enter to them mysterious stranger.)*

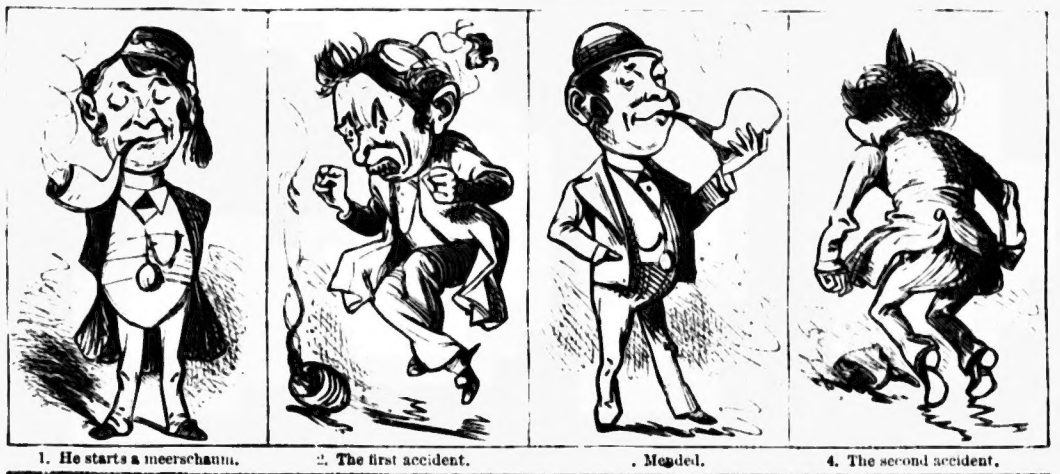
Mysterious One. Hold, ladies, hold! Be warned in time! I am Hawkshaw the detective!!

"OUR DANCING DAYS."

Private Lessons given at "THE SLOPERIES" *by an* EMINENT *Professor.*

The Trois Temps, and nothing in the world could look prettier than—the gentleman, now could it?

PIPE-COLOURING AS A FINE ART.

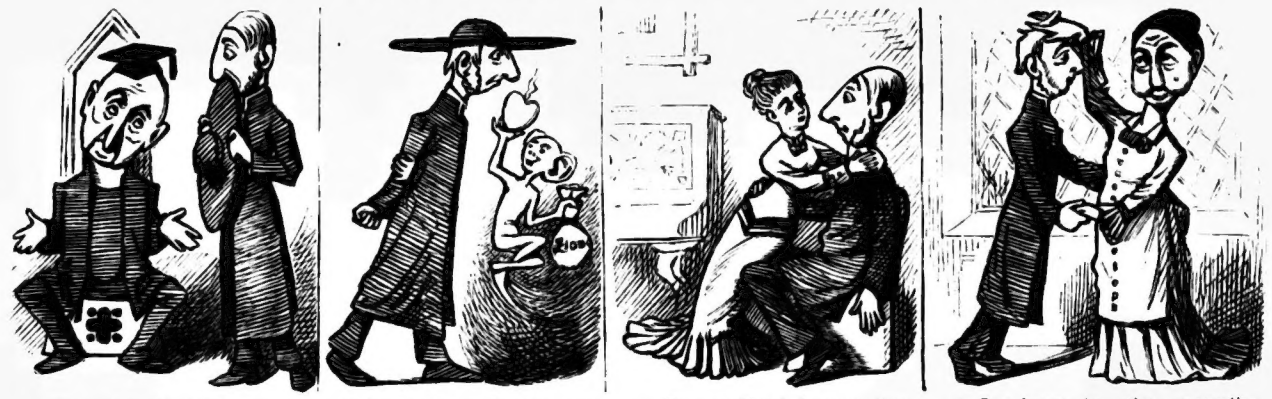


1. He starts a meerschaum. 2. The first accident. 3. Mended. 4. The second accident.

5. "Just as it was beginning to colour, too!" 6. "I must really be more careful." 7. He has broken it again! 8. Ill abed. The anxiety and worry of that pipe has done it.

9. But he is determined to colour it. 10. He is getting quite haggard and thin over it. 11. Broken beyond repair this time! "And a good job, too!" 12. Pulled off; but it has made an old man of him long *before his time!*

THE BISHOP'S DAUGHTER; Or, JUSTIFIABLE BIGAMY.



1. "And now, Mr. Mildmay,' said the Bishop, "you know the alternative—my daughter Sarah and the rich living of Mudham, or a perpetual curacy of £70 per annum!" . . . .

2. Poor Arthur's thoughts were none of the pleasantest: he detested the Bishop's plain daughter, but how could he ever hope to marry poor little Flora May, who was penniless, on £70 per annum? Yes, he would go and tell her all—nay, all! . . . . .

3. Flora meditated for some time after Arthur ceased speaking; then, as if inspired, threw her arms round him and exclaimed, "I see a way out of it!" "How?" he eagerly asked. "BIGAMY! *Marry both of us, but me first!*"

4. Two homes, two wives, supporting one with the fortune of the other, the Bishop's family a long-living one—such were Arthur's perplexing thoughts when he proposed to and was accepted by the Bishop's daughter. . .

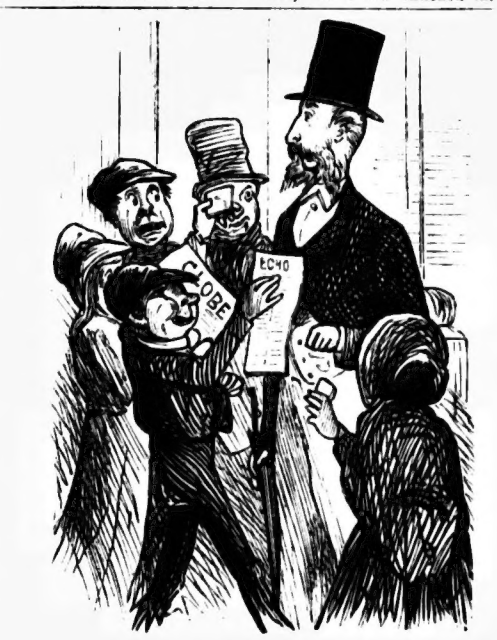
5. "My dear," said the Jeweller, "I've just had a Mormon parson in the shop!" "No!" said his wife. "Fact," he replied; "bought two wedding rings."

6. "Come, sit down and tell me all about the wedding," said Flora, with a woman's natural curiosity, as she relieved Arthur of his hat and umbrella. "What did she wear?"

7. (We will skip from page 212 to 304.) "It is certainly very provoking," said Flora, "that poor uncle didn't die and leave me his fortune before your second marriage instead of now, but I again see a way out of it; I shall prosecute you for bigamy, you will receive a short imprisonment, and then—we are free!"

8. Yes, Arthur had "done" his six months, and as he emerged from the grim prison gate to liberty and his darling Flora, then waiting for him with an ounce of tobacco and a pipe, which the thoughtful little woman knew he must long for, he blessed the dear old treadmill up whose steps he felt he had climbed to freedom and happiness!

NO WORK TO DO, AND DON'T WANT IT.
Candidates for three acres of land, and a cow chucked in.



"HERE YOU ARE, SIR!"

Only he did not happen to want either cigar lights, *Globes*, or Hevening *Hechers*, for he had only been dining at his club, and was simply feeling in his waistcoat pocket for his toothpick.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

THE G. O. M. says:—My Manifesto speaks for itself. I have therein made several promises—over eighty, I am told by a man who was weak enough to buy last week's number, and now wants to know if he could have a pig instead of a cow or bull. Suppose I did make as many promises, am I not willing to make as many more? and all you've got to do now is to wait till they are fulfilled. General Booth's army are sincerely thanked for the trouble they have taken in calling for drums. They are not ready yet. The thirty-nine ballet girls who crowded up our shop last Saturday, and insisted on an "Award" because they were *under forty*, are respectfully requested not to try that little game on again, or to be quite so familiar next time with our Half Office Boy, who has been brought up with other views.

***

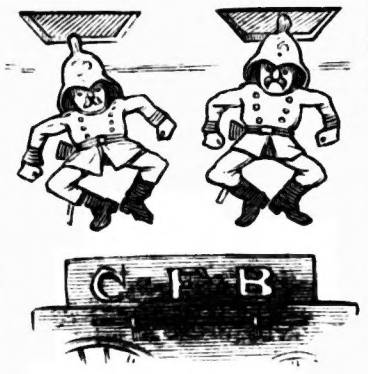
HIS GRACE THE DOOK SNOOK begs to acknowledge the following further subscriptions to the "SLOPER UMBRELLA FUND:—

Brought forward from last week 3s. 4½d.; A Guernsey Friend, 1d.; Charley H., 1d.; Tirr, Liv, and Geg (three Jersey girls staying in Switzerland) 2½d.; G. Schofield, Junior, ½d.; Ralph J. Robson (Edgware Road) ½d.; John Parry, ½d. "Honorable Billy of Dewsbury," ½d. Total amount received up to date 3s. 10½d.

His Grace feels it incumbent upon him to inform the subscribers to the "Sloper Umbrella Fund" and the public generally that he entertains the worst fears as to the statements put forth recently concerning ALLY'S missing umbrella. As was seen in last week's "HALF-HOLIDAY," the Eminent had his old and familiar friend with him when returning from the Midland Counties Handicap. The question naturally arises, was the umbrella ever lost at all? Was it in pawn? or was Moses taking charge of it? Anyhow, the Dook Snook feels that a fraud has been practised on the public in asking them for subscriptions for a new umbrella; and he begs to invite the opinion of everybody as to what shall be done with the 3s. 10½d. already collected. A Prize of £1 1s. 0d. and the "SLOPER Award of Merit" for the best solution of the difficulty will be offered in next week's "HALF-HOLIDAY." So please say nothing until you see the announcement. Meantime His Grace begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of umbrellas more or less like the Eminent's from the following ladies and gentlemen:—Messrs. Aaron, Sons and Co., James Dunne, Henry Jackson, B. M. Davies, "A Weekly Reader," "Twitter's Sister Trotter," Louisa Miller, "A Reader," W. Roff, J. B. Johnson.

***

LAST week a fire broke out in a foundry at the corner of Strand and Sixteenth Streets, Galveston, Texas. A gale which was blowing from the north carried the blazing embers among some of the finest residences in the city. For the distance of five squares of houses southwards the fire was confined between the parallel streets Sixteenth and Seventeenth. At Avenue J the flames spread right and left, and embraced the entire area between Fourteenth and Seventeenth Streets. Altogether ninety quadrangular blocks of buildings were destroyed, and fifteen hundred families made homeless.



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A NAUGHTY boy, Jimmy Welch by name, not satisfied with his overcrowded, moth-eaten, radically over-cowed country, appears to have been anxious to settle across the herring pond. In 1883, he stowed himself away aboard a vessel for Charlestown, secreting himself in a dog-kennel and remaining there for fourteen days. Sympathetic sailors provided him with five meals; but he was otherwise without food, and, in addition, he was horribly bitten by rats. Upon his arrival in America, he was discovered by the crew, and sent back to his relations in Liverpool; yet in 1884, he made a second voyage under nearly similar circumstances, and was again returned. This year he made two more passages across the Atlantic. He left Liverpool on board the *Iberia*, in company with an adventurer of his own age. The two boys were provided with some biscuits, a loaf of bread, and a can of water; and for seven days they successfully hid themselves. On the eighth, however, they were discovered; and when the ship reached Boston, the captain, to their great annoyance, forbade them to go ashore, and informed them that he would take them back to England with him. The Geographical Society will do well to keep its eye on James Welch.

***

A DESPATCH from Winnipeg states that the authorities, fearing Riel might be lynched were he not executed on the 16th inst., had doubled the guard at the prison. A special messenger, bearing to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West an order in Council informing him that the Federal authorities declined to interfere with the sentence of death passed upon Louis Riel, arrived at Regina one evening. His journey of 1,800 miles by the Canadian Pacific Railway, was accomplished within seventy hours. Louis Riel was hanged Nov. 16th. Mass was celebrated in the prison previous to the execution. Riel, who appeared unmoved, afterwards walked to the scaffold, praying audibly, his last words being "Mercy Jesu." At the request of the priests who attended him in his last moments he delivered no address. There were twenty spectators at the execution. Riel, who exhibited great fortitude, died without a struggle. He said that he was glad to be released from suffering, and talked pleasantly and calmly with his friends.

***

THE scions of the "upper middle classes who delight to honour the Duke and Duchess of Teck with their hospitality, should really be more careful. A few nights since their host provided a special bottle of sherry for the delectation of the duke, and the butler had strongly impressed on his hired assistant the difference between superior and inferior sherry. A good deal of tittering was heard during the first course, for the assistant in question gravely offered each of the guests a glass of "*inferior*" sherry with the soup. He imagined, apparently, it was some particular brand.

A SORT of new version of *Robert Macaire*, by Mr. Harry Paulton, is being given at the Comedy Theatre to which it will apparently bring some money. A quality that was somewhat wanting in the other productions since Miss Melnotte has been manageress. In the character he has written for himself, Mr. Paulton is awfully funny, and Mr. Frank Wyatt has a chance with his Macaire part, for which he most cleverly models himself. The ladies are charming, one and all, but more particularly one whose name——. Hush! Is that Mrs. Sloper's footstep? I must dissemble.

***

A LADY who has been well known in society is said to have irretrievably damaged herself, financially, at the late Newmarket Houghton meeting. The law which gave the entire control of their own to women has many excellent recommendations, and is perfectly fair, no doubt; but there are possibilities, as in everything, in which it may make victims of those it would benefit. The rumour above is a case in point. Women do not do things by halves, especially where there is a passion of any kind concerned.

***

A WORKING model of a navigable balloon has been exhibited before the members of the Military Service Institution, in New York, by General Thayer. By the aid of a carbonic acid gas engine, the air is compressed and driven through nozzles worked upon swivels, so that the impulse communicated to the balloon may be regulated and made to come from any quarter that is desired. A rudder is not required. The machine is circular, and works upon a spindle having a horizontal axis three and two-thirds times longer than the diameter. It is estimated that a balloon with a diameter of 100ft. would be able to float a locomotive. General Thayer also described a plan for moving by electricity balloons attached to ordinary telegraph wires fixed to poles; to these balloons a velocity of seventy miles could be given by American time!

***

THE Lady Mayoress of Dublin was recently presented with a silver cradle in commemoration of the birth of a daughter during her husband's mayoralty. Bravo!

***

A GENERAL feeling has been expressed, both in Carlisle and elsewhere, that a subscription should be set on foot to mark the public appreciation of the conduct of the police constables and railway servants who risked their lives in the attempt to arrest, and who finally succeeded in arresting, the three men who are believed to have been engaged in the jewellery robbery at Netherby, and also to raise a small fund for the benefit of the widow and children of the murdered policeman Byrnes. Letters enclosing donations may be addressed to The Mayor, Carlisle, or will be received at any of the banks in that city.

***

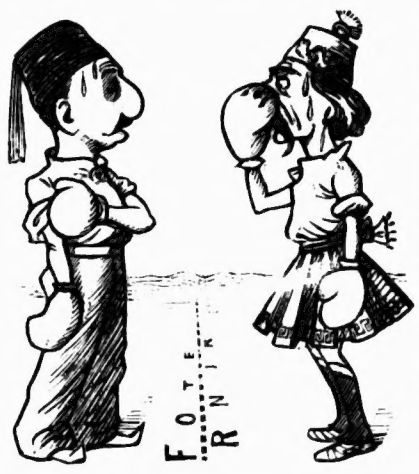
WHAT CHEER?—Why, an hotel in the middle of the Atlantic! This is the next fad suggested as an use to which the *Great Eastern* shall be put. The other purposes include that of a storehouse for ships, a counting-house for the transaction of business, and a post-office. Why not make it an office for the maritime subscribers to the "HALF-HOLIDAY?"

***

THE Indian troopship *Serapis*, Captain Douglas, arrived at Portsmouth recently, with 931 time-expired men. When the ship was in the Straits of Babelmandeb, a private of the Leicestershire Regiment, named Rose, jumped overboard. It was a fine moonlight night, and at nine o'clock the island of Perim, a British military station, could be easily seen from the deck, where most of the passengers were crowded. Many of them were admiring the moonlight view, when suddenly the cry, "Man overboard!" was raised. The ship, which was going at her ordinary speed of thirteen knots, was stopped as quickly as possible, and boats were lowered. The men in the boats could distinctly see the sharks that thickly infested the water, and though they continued their search for an hour, they were not long in concluding that Rose had attempted suicide, and that he had been devoured by the sharks. It was also concluded that, even if he had not been eaten, he must have been carried away, as a tide of four knots an hour was running down the Straits. Much, however, to the astonishment of all on board, when the ship reached Suez, a telegram was received on board, intimating that Rose had gone through the shark bed, and, though the tide was strong on his side, he had landed on the island of Perim, which, as the crow flies, is a mile and a quarter from the spot where he jumped overboard. A telegram was at once sent to the commandant at Perim, requesting him to forward Rose under escort as a prisoner to Suez or Aden, where his offence would be dealt with.

***

THE Turks, we read, are rapidly fortifying all the more advantageous positions on the frontiers of Epirus and Thessaly, and occupying them in force. Eyoub Pacha the Military Governor of Yanina, has assured his Government that in case of war an army of twenty thousand men in Epirus, and twenty-five thousand on the Thessalian frontier, will be sufficient to repel any attack on the part of the Greeks.



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A LARGE barge for the War Department, 105 feet long by 30 feet wide, was launched at Millwall the other day. Her name is to be the *Gog*, and she is intended to carry the new 110-ton gun from Woolwich to Shoeburyness. By the special construction of her stern, which is arranged to unship and remove in two sections, being entirely lifted off by powerful davits and gear on the deck, the gun and carriage, which together weigh 200 tons, will run ashore through the stern, travelling on the steel rails laid on the bottom of the barge.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 5th.

29th November, 1867.—On this day a Greek man-of-war, the *Bubulino*, lying in the Mersey, was blown to pieces by the explosion of her boiler. Several of the crew were killed, and nearly all injured.

29th November, 1773.—On this day Mr. Foster Powell, an attorney's clerk, commenced a journey from London to York and back again on foot. He accomplished the task in six days, reaching York on the Wednesday evening, and, starting again on the following morning, he reached London on the evening of Saturday, the 4th December. By this extraordinary feat he made the sum of a hundred guineas, which had been staked on his success. To *walk chalks* is an ordeal used on board ship as a test for drunkenness. Two parallel lines are chalked for some distance upon the deck, and if the supposed delinquent can walk from one end to the other, without overstepping either, he is pronounced to be sober.

30th November, 1793.—William Lewis died this day in the act of drinking a cup of French ale. He made it a rule to read a certain number of chapters in the Bible in the morning, and to drink eight gallons of ale in the evening. He weighed 40 stone, and his bulk was enormous. A machine in the form of a crane was constructed to heist him on the carriage, and so let him into his grave. He had drunk beer enough to float a 74-gun ship. DRINKS USED BY ACTORS, ORATORS, &c.: Braham, bottled porter; Miss Catley, linseed tea and madeira; G. F. Cooke, everything drinkable; Emery, cold brandy and water; W. E. Gladstone, an egg beaten up in sherry; Henderson, gum arabic and sherry; Incledon, madeira; Mrs. Jordan, calve's-foot jelly dissolved in warm sherry; Edmund Kean, beef tea for breakfast, cold brandy; Lewis, mulled wine (with oysters); Oxberry, tea; William Smith, coffee; Mrs. Wood, draught porter; Kemble took opium.

30th November, 1654.—John Selden, a political and legal writer of prodigious learning, died this day, and was buried in the Temple Church. When asked, in his old age, to whom he would leave his fortune, he said he had no relation but a milkmaid, and she would not know what to do with it. His opinion of women was contemptuous. For instance, he says:—"*Of Marriage.*—Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Esop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again."

1st December, 1662.—Mr. Pepys writes in his diary under this date: "To my Lord Sandwich's, to Mr. Moore, and then over the parke, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skates, which is a very pretty art." Skates with iron ribs were brought to England from the Netherlands about 1650. Before the introduction of these skates, English people amused themselves on the ice by tying pieces of bone to their shoes, and urging themselves forward by means of a spiked staff. It is recorded that one fen "champion" skater attained a speed of one mile in two minutes.

1st December, 1793.—The Commune of Paris this day ordered all the churches to be closed. But the Act, exciting general abhorrence, was soon repealed. The Gospel was introduced into Britain at a very early period, but it is not certain whether it was preached, as some authorities assert, by St. Paul between A.D. 63 and 66.

2nd December, 1848.—Seventy-two persons were this day smothered under circumstances of suffering only paralleled in horror by the Black Hole of Calcutta. The catastrophe occurred on the steamer *Londonderry*, running from Liverpool to Sligo. The weather being stormy, the passengers were driven into the steerage cabin, a space of about eighteen feet long, eleven wide, and seven high. The hatches were then closed, and a tarpaulin fastened over it. The air being insufficient to maintain existence, a horrible struggle ensued—frenzy, convulsions;—the scene is hidden from view. When the cabin was entered a horrible mass of bodies, dead or dying, was found. The bodies were fearfully convulsed; the blood starting from their eyes, nostrils, and ears; others were shockingly mangled and trampled in the mad struggle. The captain and mates were tried for manslaughter, but acquitted.

2nd December, 1851.—A rocket factory at Dartford, in Kent, this day exploded, with the result of a loss of seven lives. Rockets for war purposes are said to have been known to the Chinese in the tenth century. Congreve rockets are so called from Sir William Congreve who invented them, in 1804. They were first employed in the attack upon Boulogne, in 1806. They proved so effective at the battle of Leipsic, in 1813, that the Emperor of Russia bestowed the order of St. Anne on their inventor. The phrase, "He went up like a rocket, and fell like the stick," was first used by Tom Paine in reference to the great orator Burke.

3rd December, 1610.—The big bell, called "Great Tom," was placed in the steeple on this day. The ceremony of blessing bells is as old as the seventh century, at which, according to the Roman rite, a bishop in cope and mitre, after washing the bell in salt and water, anoints it outside with the oil of the sick, and crism inside. According to the Parisian rite, in which the oil of catechumens is used, two persons, who stand as sponsors to the bell, pronounce aloud under whose invocation it is to be named.

3rd December, 1810.—This day, at a fire at the Mexican coffee-house, Lisle Street, Leicester Square, the proprietor and his wife perished in the flames. A boy was also severely burnt. In 1665, there appeared a poem with the title of "The character of a coffee-house, wherein is contained a description of the persons usually frequenting it, with their discourse and humours, as also the admirable virtues of coffee, by an ear and eye witness." It begins thus:—

> "A coffee-house, the learned hold,
> It is a place where coffee's sold;
> This derivation cannot fail us,
> For where ale's vended, that's an alehouse."

4th December, 1805.—Nelson's remains arrived this day at Portsmouth in the *Victory*. Nelson's coffin was constructed from the mainmast of the *Orient*, part of which was picked up after the battle of the Nile by the *Swiftsure*, and expressly prepared by her captain (Hallowell), for his great commander, to whom he sent it. Nelson showed how fully he appreciated the spirit and feeling of the gallant donor, by making that coffin his constant cabin companion; and it was only at the earnest entreaty of a favourite servant, that the great hero would consent to its removal. When his lordship left the *Vanguard*, the coffin was removed into the *Foudroyant*, where it remained for many days on the gratings of the quarter-deck. While his officers were one day looking at it, he came out of the cabin: "You may look at it, gentleman," said he, "as long as you please; but, depend upon it, none of you shall have it." It is satisfactory to know that Nelson was actually buried in this coffin.

5th December, 1537.—This is the date of an order for the expulsion of all the gipsies from England. The earliest circumstantial account we have of gipsies occurs in the "Art of Juggling or Legerdemaine," by a writer in 1612, who says:—"This kind of people about one hundred years ago, began to gather ahead, as the first heere, about the southerne parts. And this, as I am informed, and can gather, was their beginning. Certain Egyptians banished their country (belike not for their good conditions), arrived heere in England, who, for quaint tricks and devices, not known heere at that time among us, were esteemed and held in great admiration, insomuch that many of our English *loyterers* joined them, and, in time, learned their craftie cozening."

5th December, 1876.—The Brooklyn Theatre was this day destroyed by fire, and about 300 lives lost. Brooklyn is noted for the number of its churches. It is called "The City of Churches." A great number of New Yorkers reside here.

5th December, 1860.—The president of one of the chambers of the French Imperial Court, M. Poinsot, was this day murdered in a train between Troyes and Paris. Two shots had pierced the head. The skull was also seriously injured, and the brains of the deceased were scattered about the compartment. The assassin made good his escape while the train was in motion, carrying with him the watch and rug belonging to his victim.

CLUMSY JIM.

Don't give us in charge to a Copper
I've only just finished my time,
And I'm under perliece supervision,
And that's just as good as a crime.

Clumsy Jim.

Lor' bless yer, it ain't inclination
As keeps me a-thievin', you bet;
If I could get anything better,
I'd turn it up smart, don't you fret.

Lor', no, my conscience don't prick me
When I'm fakin' a cly or a stook;
But it's always my luck to get collered,—
Blow me if I'd gag to a Rook!

No sooner am I off the stepper
Than I'm sure to be fullied somehow;
It's my beastly bad luck, I suppose, sir,
But I'm always in quod or a row.

And it ain't as I don't know my business,
I think I'm as good as the rest;
But I'm fearful unlucky at smashin'
Soft flimsies, it must be confess'd.

It's all my bad luck, I repeats it,
Though sometimes at times I admit
It may be because I am clumsy,
And ain't worth a fourpenny-bit.

But whether unlucky or awk'ard,
It's fairly 'eartbreakin', I say,
To always get lagged when the others
Are sure to have got right away.

There's Bill, he's a reg'lar gonnof,
He's only been slowed—let me see—
Six times, and the stretch that he's doin'
He got for cling-rigin' with me.

Just my luck again to a tizzy—
I bring such bad luck to my pals
That they won't 'ave me near 'em no'ow,
And I can't even tally with gals.

But I'm only a ziff, and to look at
You'd not think me much up to slum,
But if my luck only were better,
I think I'd be better nor some.

Or I'd 'list in the Salvation Army.

Is there anythin' fine about thievin'?
Fine? Lor' bless your eyes, w'y, it's low!
An' them as w'at writes penny dreadfuls,
An' says so, take my word, don't know.

It's about the worst paid of perfeshions,
An' very 'ard work. W'y? Because
There's such a blamed lot of sneaks nosin',—
It ain't nearly 'arf w'at it was.

But bad as I am at the thievin',
I'm worse when I'm trying to slam,
Or I'd 'list in the Salvation Army,
And preach——I'm a humbug, I am!

[*Exit with buzzer!*

AN UNFAIR FARE.

BY A CABMAN.

What I says is, it sarves her jolly well right, and ought to be a warnin' to the likes of her that won't pay right up, without a murmur, whatsoever you axes 'em. Talk of proper fares indeed. If it's to come to that, that a cabman's only to get his proper fare, what's to be the end on it?

She knew precious well, or she ought to have done, that she must get the worst of it at a police court. O' course, nobody gets into a cab and supposes they're going to have a mile out on you for sixpence. I should rather like to see anyone try it on with me. When a party takes a cab, he makes his mind up to something like a shilling over what it's put down in the books, and's glad to get off so cheap.

We don't want none of your right-fare business, thank you, nor the sort that pays it—which it's precious seldom they takes a cab at all, being afraid of getting into a row, and being summoned if they make a mistake. What they does I don't know, but I should say—they takes a 'bus or steps it.

For my part, I'm jolly glad, as I said afore. Whatshername's got it hot. I hope, too, as I said afore, it'll be a warnin'.

WARMISH!

Fill me, boy, as hot a draught
As can by mortal lips be quaffed;
Yea, let the water boiling flow
My whistle down in fiery glow;
Nor with the seething liquid mingle
Tea, coffee, cocoa, or a single
Drop that fills the soul with gladness,
Or dissipates all care and sadness.
Drain the bumper boiling quite;
If merely warm, the well-filled wight
Who on the fat o' the land has messed,
With good digestion won't be blessed.
So let the steaming incense wreathe
Our festive board, what time we breathe,
From scalded throat and parboiled lung,
This temperance lay, the best e'er sung.

J.P.

It is reported that at Wyoming a fierce discussion is raging whether a lady who has been elected justice of the peace is to be called a justice of the peacess or a justicess of the peace. Up to the last advices nothing has been decided; but it was supposed the matter would be settled by a general fight.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

*** *In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire.*

Nov. 19th, 1885.

Dear Ally,—I cannot express the satisfaction I feel at your preferring me to any other. I shall follow the career of The *Only* Sloper with the friendliest interest, and I have ordered Ally's "Half-Holiday" in order to drink in Ally's wit once a week. Alas! why not every day.

Yours faithfully,
LILLIE LANGTRY, F.O.S.

45, Haverstock Hill, N.W., 19*th November*, 1885.

My Dear Sloper,—Pray accept my apology for not having long since conveyed to you an idea of the warm appreciation my breast expanded with at your having conferred upon me the distinguished honour of F.O.S. I am desirous to impress upon you the assurance that the delay in acknowledging your kind mark of approbation was not owing to any limited estimation of your favour, but that it was occasioned by the interference of "a thing or two" having recently occupied much of my time, and all my mental capability.

Thus late, pray accept my warmest thanks and wishes for a long and happy existence of your singular but mirth-contributing individuality.

Yours faithfully always,
WILLIAM PRITCHARD, *Professor*.

To Ally Sloper, Esq.

15, Wellington Street, Islington, N., *Nov.* 20*th*, 1885.

Dear Sloper,—Received your "Award of Merit" with thanks.

Yours ever, HERBERT CAMPBELL.

Great Western Royal Hotel, London Terminus,
Nov. 20*th*, 1885.

To Ally Sloper,—From a recipient of one of his "Awards of Merit," which was received last night, and will *always* be valued, prized, and looked upon with pleasure by one who feels proud at being called Ally's Friend, but not *so much so* proud at getting third to him, as depictured in his "Half-Holiday" a few Saturdays ago. W. G. GEORGE.

14 Currie Street, Hertford, *Nov.* 20*th*, '85.

Dear Ally Sloper,—Enclosed please find a rather curious advertisement that I had the pleasure of seeing in a local paper. Hoping that your Eminence will not feel insulted by it,

I remain, yours obediently, GEORGE F. GLASGOW.

"FOR SALE: that wonderful PERFORMING DONKEY, Ally Sloper: Jumps over Forms, Sticks, &c., in the Bar. 2½ years old: very fast in harness.—Can be seen at Mr. BOSWELL'S, Castle Inn, Hertford."

Athenæum, Shepherd's Bush, *Nov.* 20*th*, 1885.

Dear Ally,—We enclose programme of an entertainment given by us on the 1st October with very satisfactory results, as you will see by the enclosed copy of the acknowledgment received by our treasurer from the secretary of the West London Hospital. If you will kindly give us a line in your next issue, it might induce kindred societies to our own to make similar efforts during the present season in aid of charitable institutions. We are, dear Ally, yours very truly,

MITCHELL & BAKER.

[Copy.] "West London Hospital, Hammersmith, W., 17*th October*, 1885.

"Dear Sir,—In the name of my committee I beg to tender my most grateful thanks to you and the rest of Messrs Mitchell & Baker's Company for your great and successful exertions to benefit this charity by means of a dramatic entertainment, the nett proceeds of which amount to £23 17s. 11d. Permit me to add that I consider the management, as shown in your statement of accounts, most economical. I enclose receipt and the statement of accounts, and am, dear sir, yours faithfully, R. J. GILBERT, *Secretary*.

Angelo Gelli, Esq., *Treasurer*, Messrs. Mitchell & Baker's Company,
9 Starch Green Road, Shepherd's Bush, W."

Maximilian's Strasse, No. 24, Munich, Germany,
21*st November*, 1885.

A. Sloper, Esq.

Dear Sir,—In your impression of the 31st October last, I find in the column of "A Chronicle of Curious Events," a note on the 5th November upon "Old Tom." The statement is very nearly correct, and there are not many people who have really been aware of the fact and derivation of the celebrated name of "Old Tom." Old Tom Chamberlain was cousin of my grandfather, and they entered business in 1774 at Millbank; and Tom Chamberlain, being the practical man in the distillery, had a very superior sort of gin made up for his *special* friends and customers, hence came the name of *Old Tom's Gin*. The man who left the firm was *Morris*, and not *Norris*; and my name is not Hodge, but Hodges. No doubt we are of the great Hodge family in the days of the ancient Britons, which signifies *a ploughman*. My grandfather was one Benjamin of the Hodges, and the name and family date for centuries from Gloucestershire and the borders of Wales.

As regards your excellent paper, I can but say that I consider it to be by far the most amusing and interesting comic paper in England, and the woodcuts excellent.—With the highest respect, yours truly,

FRED. HODGES.

THE RUIN OF RAWKINS.

(AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.)

I am born of rich but honest parents; with my first tooth grew the desire for civic honours; even as I sat on my nurse's knee (both knees, in fact), I bade her with my first words tell me of that highest pinnacle of human ambition, Lord Mayordom. She did: I dwelt among trumpets and armour, I dreamt of processions and dignities.

My soul (aged fifteen) panted (you could hear it pant) for the ermine cloak, the fur cap, and, above all, the mace That playful, but wicked nurse said the mace was "kep a purpus to hit the aldermen on their 'eads." My soul panted also for soup. I therefore determined to devote my life to Lord Mayordom. During my youth I rehearsed Whittington on every milestone round our village. I bought (market-day) a book called "Ye Lives of ye Lord Mayors," by one (*ye one*, I suppose) of them. From this I learn that every Lord Mayor came to London with precisely two shillings and fourpence; some tried half-a-crown, and basely failed. I, therefore, provided with a new florin and four pennies, spurned the parental roof, and with many hardships, including Whittingtonian rehearsals, reached London.

A kind crossing-sweeper sold me his old broom for my florin. Experience has since taught me I could have bought a new one cheaper. I now hesitated between a linendraper's and a grocer's. I referred to my book; I found three tea-and-sugar Mayors to one of calico. I rushed, therefore, into the grocer's, and proceeded to sweep vigorously. A soulless ruffian (although a future Mayor) seized me, and was about to thrust me forth, when a voice exclaimed, "Bless the lad! what on earth is he doing here?" It was my aunt.

From that moment my prospects were blighted. I was a ruined man.

My cruel father persisted in purchasing a partnership, and allowing me three hundred a year. I am a miserable wretch, doomed to ride in hansom cabs instead of gilded coaches, to wear base tweeds and black instead of fur and scarlet, and in fact—ha!—ha? (print this as hollow as you can, please). I am,— A Thriving Merchant.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

But Little Difference.—If a pretty barmaid is not a Bodega, she is beau'd eager.

Why does the wife of a scolding husband lose flesh?—Because she is doos'd and redoos'd.

When is a parson not out?—When he is in-toning.

A Prison Dance.—A quod-reel.

The world without women would be like a blank sheet of paper—not even ruled.

Murmurs of the Tied.—Married people grumbling.

A Nun-in-habited House.—A convent.

Be contented with your lot, especially at a mock auction.

A Sound Instructor.—A teacher of music.

A Baby Life-Preserver.—The feeding-bottle.

FOUR FLIRTS.

THEIR CARDS, AND HOW THEY PLAYED THEM.

(Commenced in No. 54.)

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—*(Continued.)*

The details took some time to settle, for we had to be very careful with our correspondence; but at last it was all arranged. I was to get permission to go on a certain afternoon to visit an aunt who had just taken a house at Hove; but on my way there he was to intercept me and then a cab to the station, a train to London, a special licence, and a plain gold ring were to do the rest.

I don't think I ever felt so proud before or since as I did that morning while dressing myself, with the consciousness that in a few hours I

Miss Sculstrop, our governess, with three of the girls.

should be a runaway bride. Naturally I should have preferred a carriage and post-horses to Scotland—taking tickets by the morning express seemed so terribly prosaic; but that was out of the question, if for no other reason than that the poor boy had to be back at his office in two days' time.

I don't think that I was ever known to be before my time for an engagement except upon that one occasion; but every excuse was to be made for me, for it was my first "affair." When I arrived at the place of meeting it wanted a full ten minutes to the appointed time, and as I loitered about waiting for Laurence, who should I see to my horror advancing towards me but Miss Sculstrop, our governess, with three of the girls!

To fall in with them would have been, of course, to end my day's romance then and there. They were so near, I dared not venture to cross the road, and to walk in front of them would take me farther and farther away from the trysting-place, involving a loss of time which would probably end in missing Laurence, or the train, or both.

Luckily I was close by a flight of those steep wooden steps which lead from the promenade to the beach. It was my only chance. I dived down them in frantic haste, and with quick steps hurried towards the bathing machines; but when at last, deeming myself safe, I paused in my wild career and looked round, I saw to my horror they were close behind me.

For a moment I fancied they were following me, but I was soon reassured on that point, for it was evident I was not recognized; but with this knowledge came the conviction that I had taken the most fatal step possible.

They were going to bathe, and in descending those steps I had rendered my discovery certain unless, indeed, I could conceal myself.

I had no time to reflect. Whatever I did must be done immediately, so I tripped up the steps of a vacant bathing machine, and shut and fastened the door just as Miss Sculstrop and my three fellow-pupils came up.

I felt myself safe and drew a long sigh of relief, for of course I intended, as soon as the others were housed in their machines, to quit mine with whatever excuse came uppermost, and hurry back to the place of meeting, where Laurence by this time was doubtless awaiting me. Fancy, then, my horror, while I still heard Miss Sculstrop's voice in strident conversation with the bathing woman, when I became conscious that the horse was being attached to my machine. Imagine my dismay, if you can, when a moment later I found myself slowly jolting seaward!

Regardless of consequences, I called to my charioteer to stop, but he paid no attention to my order, and, looking through the hole in the top of the door which admitted light and air, I saw to my utter confusion that the driver was no other than a man known as Deaf David, a fellow to whom I might bawl with the full strength of my lungs without effect, while my voice would undoubtedly travel shoreward, and be recognized by my schoolfellows or the governess.

Never before was a would-be bride placed in such a predicament. The horrid machine went rolling and bumping farther and farther out to sea, and there was I perfectly helpless, with a husband in embryo waiting for me on land.

Out came the other machines following mine, and presently I heard the splashing and romping of my schoolmates in the waves, and their too-well-known voices laughingly speculating as to who could be the mysterious and invisible bather who took so long to make her marine toilette.

From the door that faced shoreward I could see the promenade and those who walked upon it, and it was not long before I caught sight of Laurence as he strolled backwards and forwards at the appointed spot, looking every few minutes anxiously at his watch, and staring along the road, now in one direction, now in another, and then scrutinizing the beach.

It was not likely, even had he seen it, that he could have recognized my eye through the hole in the bathing machine door.

How I hated those girls who laughed and chatted in the water, apparently with no intention of ever coming out! how I scolded myself for my folly in coming on to the beach! how I thought of the express train, the special licence, and the plain gold ring! and how eagerly I watched for Deaf David and the old white horse coming to my rescue!

At last he came, oh, so slowly and leisurely! and as he reached the machine I heard a clock strike the hour for the departure of the train which was to have carried us to London, and saw Laurence light a cigar, jam his hat firmly and indignantly on his poor dear head, and walk away with rapid, angry strides.

Then suddenly the ludicrous aspect of the adventure struck me, and instead of dissolving into tears, as any right-minded heroine would have done under the circumstances, I burst into a merry fit of laughter, which led me to inquire whether I really very much minded, and I settled I didn't.

Deaf David.

However, I paid Laurence the compliment of looking for him up and down the King's Road, but as the heart-broken lover was cooling his rage with a brandy and soda, I naturally did not meet him, and returned to school quite as happy as, and a good deal wiser than, when I set out.

I wrote the dear boy a sweet little note full of pretty things; but whether Miss Sculstrop suspected anything wrong, or for what other reason I really cannot say, I was not allowed to leave the house for two days. The boot-shop remained unvisited, and Mr. Laurence Holt returned to his pens and red tape at Spring Gardens with, I fear, no very exalted opinion of Miss Rosalind Grahame—indeed, when I met him some three years later, he confessed as much to me.

A few months after this adventure, being, I suppose, duly "finished," I left the Brighton establishment, and in the autumn papa and mamma, brother Tom and sister Anne, and I, all went abroad, where we remained till a year ago. *(To be continued next week.)*

Waiter. Do I know SLOPER? Well, I should think I did! I know SLOPER—he's been in the habit of having his two and a mashed here every day for the last thirty-five years.

AMATEUR SHOOTISTS.

If you don't run to a dog, you may do without it, if you're nose is good enough. Ware wasps' nests, though!

Railway Porter, to gentleman who has just seen his wife off by the train). I saw your good lady's luggage put in the van all right, sir, and *(lowering his voice)* I saw you a-kissin' of her when you wished her adoo. I s'pose you don't want the matter to go no farther? *(Receives heavy bribe.)*

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

1. One day an idea occurred to Iky Mo—There must be lots of ladies of property who would very much like to get married.

CUPID (on this occasion), Iky Moses, Esq.

2. And hes traightway started a matrimonial agency.

3. All that then remained to be done was to wait for the lady of property. There was a good deal of waiting

4. At last a footstep was heard, and a shadow seen on the wall. Hush! She comes.

5 "I've got the very thing to suit you," said Mr Moses. "The descendant of a noble house—still in the bloom of youth.

6. He meant his old friend ALLY, got up for the occasion.

7. They meet. It is—no—yes—it is—one of the long lost Mrs. Slopers.

8. Back view of Mr. S. as he appeared after making the horrible discovery

USEFUL TO KNOW.

A Gentleman of considerable experience writes to say, that in order to thoroughly enjoy a Roasted Goose, there should only be Two in the company—the Goose and the Goose-eater. He'll become as fat as the Tichborne Claimant, who, by-the-bye, was summoned the other day at Southampton, for the maintenance of his wife and her three children. Nice man!

Can't see why he shouldn't be a first-class misdemeanent too, he's always done his best, and his motives are pure enough.

Lord Bob's papa inspiring the public with the necessity of an immediate Reform of Parliamentary Procedure. Wire in!

SPORT IN IRELAND, 1885.

Boycotted Landlord. Now, policeman, keep your eye on those three fellows behind the hedge when I fire at the snipe. The dog is standing, but don't you fire at them till I have loaded again, for it will not do for us both to be unloaded at the same time, as you have most likely learnt at your skirmishing drill.

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